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LYMAN E. KNAPP, Publisher.

Poetry.

WRECKED IN A WHIRLPOOL

Day in its e'er recurring course
Bears unto man an added force;
Night on the broad Pacific's breast
Brings to the waves no peaceful rest,
Night and day an endless whole,
Hear the same bellow deafening roll.

Far from the caverns of the deep,
Softly at first the billows creep;
Far from the choral studded planes,
Lightly they toss their silver manes,
Stronger and stronger do they grow,
Till their silver manes are turned to snow:
Broader and broader do they sweep,
Till they kiss the sky, so high the leap,
Heaven above, hell at their feet
Both in mighty column meet,
Heaven above with threatening harm
Hell underneath with open arms.

Over the grandly rolling sea
Dancing along right merrily,
Homeward the Hadriatic speeds,
Swift in her course the wild wave leads
Swift as the wind, with tightened sheet,
While the laughing isles spring up to greet
Sightly the sun's declining ray
Beckons her hasten to meet the day,
Dawn with his Phœban steeds and car
Leads her a race through the vast star.

Black in the Heavens gathers night
Close are the sails reefed for the fight
Down to the very billow's crest
Heaves the tempest's awful breast.

The storm in its wildest fury breaks
Luried and livid flames that hiss
Beckon her down to a dark abyss;
Fiends of the tempest guide her way
On through the fiercely tossing spray
Into the vortex, black and vast
Parting her timbers, she is cast.
Captain and crew upon her deck,
Cling to the rushing, reeling wreck;
Faces that probe the deep'ning night
Lit by the lightnings lurid light,
Glare as the ghosts glare from the tomb
Breaking the deep, unearthly gloom,
Stare from the vessels phantom form
Like the maddened spirits of the storm.

Swifter and swifter from the verge
Wildly the seething waters urge
Swifter and swifter to the hell,
Yawning so deep, no tongue can tell,
Round and around the mouth so black,
Madly she keeps her certain track,
Round and around, and with a swoop
Down to the very brink doth stoop,
Down to the brink, and all is o'er,
Sails into port on the other shore.

F. M. PECK.

Harry's Anti-Society

It was a startling sight that met Mrs. Goodwin's eyes one Tuesday afternoon as she crossed Sixth Avenue and turned into Fourteenth Street on her way toward home. "Could it be?" She hastily brushed aside her veil. Yes, there was her own boy, Harry, walking along the street with James Williams, each puffing a cigar! Both boys were young, bright and intelligent looking. Mrs. Goodwin stood a moment in blank astonishment—*her* boy smoking! And what other bad habits might he not have contracted, all unknown to her? Harry passed on without seeing her, but she fancied he looked pale and ill.

The mother went home with a burdened heart. She had trusted her son; believed that he had been frank and confiding toward her. Was this the first cigar? Had he been tempted to taste of the intoxicating cup also? Mrs. Goodwin was a judicious mother; she watched Harry anxiously that evening, but said nothing about what she had seen in the afternoon. She was earnestly considering how she could best accomplish the object she had in view.

Wednesday afternoon Harry returned from school earlier than usual. As he entered the library where his mother was sitting she greeted him with a smile, saying:

"I was hoping you would get home early, Harry. I was going out, and wanted company."

Harry made some vague reply which attracted Mrs. Goodwin's attention. She saw his face was serious and troubled. Harry turned to his writing-table, and soon commenced writing. Anxiously his mother watched his grave face. At length she rose, and went softly toward him. She laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"Harry!"

The boy looked up and met his mother's loving glance.

"What is the trouble, Harry?"

"I'm forming an Anti-Society," said he, with an impetuosity which would have amused his mother, had she not known instinctively that it resulted from deep, suppressed felling.

"*Anti* means *against*. What you are against?"

"Mother, I am against smoking, swearing, and drinking."

A rush of joy came to the mother's heart. She leaned over and pressed her lips upon the boy's open brow, and silently thanked God that he was saved. Then she sat down beside him.

"Now tell me all about it, Harry."

"Well, mother, of course I know that smoking and drinking and swearing are bad habits; but ever so many real nice boys in our school do these things, and they are always asking me to take a cigar or something, and laugh at me because I don't. Yesterday I *did* smoke a cigar—and sick enough it made me, too—and at recess James Williams gave us boys some kind of wine or spirit he brought to school in a bottle, and we all talked as I know is wrong. But, mother, isn't it dreadful? James was found drunk in a grog-shop last evening—really drunk. Our teacher told us about it just before school closed. And I want to sign a pledge to help me to keep from drinking and smoking. See, mother, this is my Constitution."

And Harry read aloud: "Whereas, drinking intoxicating liquor does not do any good, and leads to drunkeness; and whereas to swear is a sin against God; and whereas, to chew and smoke are useless and filthy practices; therefore, in order the more effectually to keep from these vices, I do, praying for the Divine blessing and help, for mmyself into a society, to be called 'The Anti-Society,' and bind myself to observe strictly the pledges contained in the following articles:

"I. I will not drink anything that intoxicates.

"II. I will not take the name of the Lord in vain; nor make use of vile or profane language.

"III. I will not use tobacco in any form.

"(Signed,) HARRY GOODWIN."

"An excellent pledge, my son," said Mrs. Goodwin; "only you should have a hundred names signed to it instead of yours only." And they talked the matter together.

The next day at recess Harry collected the boys of his class together, and said:

"I hold in my hand the Constitution of a new society, called the Anti-Society. My name is already down. Shall I read it? All who are in favor, say Ay."

"Ay, ay," ran around the circle.

Harry read it slowly and distinctly. A deep silence followed. The boys looked at each other with sober, questioning faces.

"My name is down, repeated Harry, as he placed the paper on which the pledge was written upon the desk before him, "Who will join?"

Another moment's silence; and them James Williams, pale and serious, but with a look of stern resolution on his face, stepped forward, and amidst unbroken stillness affixed his signature to the pledge.

No other argument was needed. One after another the boys came up until every one had signed his name. This society, formed by one boy's influence, became a regular organization in the school—the teachers giving their hearty approval. Various officers were chosen, Harry Goodwin being elected President. And, what is better than any thing else, the boys have nobly kept the pledge.

Louis Napoleon and France

The Emperor of the French is again getting well. The newspapers in the interest of the government deny that he is sick, or in danger, but assert that a slight attack of rheumatism yielded readily to medicine. We can all understand this. It means that the disease under which he is suffering, and which is periodical in its attacks, has reached one more stage, which may be the last. The hardiest constitution must in time gave way. The Emperor is a man of iron will, and wages a resolute war with disease.

George Wilkes, who is now in Paris and under the careful treatment of Segnard, the physician who cured Charles Summer, writes to the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, the substance of a conversation with that eminent surgeon. We make the following extract from the letter:

In my conversation with Segnard I learned something which you may possibly find to be of value. He directed my attention to a series of articles which had recently appeared in a French paper on the subject of the Emperor's health, and which he said had created considerable sensation. They were written (to his knowledge) by a man who had once been physician to the Emperor, a man of great ability but dissolute habits, who had lost his standing in society and his employment by the Emperor, but who nevertheless, knew the latter's constitution well.

"This man," said Segnard, "has violated all professional obligations in these articles and has disclosed the secret that the Emperor is suffering from an incurable disease, which must soon put an end to him."

"What do you call soon," I asked.

"Well, certainly within six months" was the reply.

"And what is his disease?" I inquired.

"Fungus of the bladder," he answered.

This is a secret worth knowing, for the stock markets of all the world will be affected by the death of the Emperor of France. Segnard added that doubtless the Emperor had been made acquainted with his fate, and was preparing for it as well as he could."

I remarked that it was a wonder he could live a week with such a secret on his mind, and an empire rocking on his back. He may, therefore, die at any time before New Year's Day, at two or three days' notice. It is evident that these articles have not affected the Bourse, but the Doctor says the statement is not believed, as it appears in a bitterly radical paper, and the authorship of it is not known.

This opinion of Segnard may not be well founded, but it is that of a physician who is as capable as any one in Paris of judging of the Emperor's condition.

What will happen in France on the death of the Emperor? We have no doubt there will be an attempt at revolution. The precautions taken against an outbreak last week proved that the population of Paris is a volcano on the eve of an eruption. It was prevented only by a formidable display of military force. The improvements in the streets of Paris, under the directions of Baron Hausman, have all been made with a view to military operations. There is little doubt that the plans for demolishing buildings; for opening new streets; for widening and straightening old streets; for removing the cobble and stone pavements, and substituting asphaltum and concrete, have all been made by competent engineers of the army, and that Hausman has been merely the agent of Louis Napoleon, obeying and carrying into effect his orders.

The changes have converted Paris into a military camp, as perfect in all its arrangements as the camp of a Roman legion. The streets are all open to the sweep of artillery. Soldiers can be directed in a few minutes to any point, and all material for barricades has been removed.

While Louis Napoleon lives and has full possession of his mental faculties, a revolution is impossible. The officers of the army have all been selected for their dovotion to him. The soldiers are well cared for, well fed, and promptly paid, and are therefore faithful.

But the death of the Emperor will transfer the reins of government to other and weaker hands. The Empress may be named Regent, and some of the great officers of the army may be true to her. Ere long, however, there will rivalries and jealousies, which she cannot allay, and the army will be tampered with. She will be betrayed. The boy Prince will have only her friends to sustain him. If then the officers and the men who garrison Paris are not faithful, the very power that Napoleon has built up to be the bulwark of his throne and family may be used against them. The military strength of Paris is a protection to the head that controls it. If the city and the army should once pass into the hands of the republicans, they would then hold the citadel of France, as strongly as Louis Napoleon now does, and even more strongly, for four-fifths of the population are decidedly republican.

The death of the Emperor would produce hardly any change in European politics, for international affairs would remain nearly the same and the policy of France toward the rest of the world is not dependent on a dynasty. Whatever power is supreme in Paris, it must pursue the traditional policy of France.—*Troy Whig.*

Women who Helped Themselves to Their Rights.

I find that some women in the olden time instead of begging for their "rights," took them? And really, considering the breath spent on this subject in our day, the idea is not a bad one.

On Cape Ann, in the year 1721, lived a barber by the name of Broom, who kept a tavern and a barber's shop—two professions which, even in our day, are allowed to find room in the same building. In process of time Broom was worn out, brushing many stubbly beards. But he left a lively daughter named Rebecca, who neither asked leave of Madam Grundy nor the legislature to strop her father razors and use them on men's chins. Of course her shop soon became an agreeable lounging place; and not one man of them is on record as having said that she stepped out of "her sphere" when she shaved him, or that she unsexed herself or was "masculine." Instead they sat there in a state of beautitude, while Rebecca deftly pinned the towel under their chins, and with her little fingers and little tongue soft-soaped them to their hearts' content. All the wits congregated at her little shop, and stayed not on the order of their leaving. She was very intelligent and lively, and from her long intercourse with seafaring men in Gloucester had picked up anecdotes and information to a degree which sometimes astonished, as much as it entertained her listeners. Her shop was adorned, according to the taste inherent in her sex, with pictures and plants and birds; instead of ugly bottles of Macassar and perfumed grease, and stacks of little and big hair-brushes, and every paraphernalia of the trade since Adam. I believe there is not a man who reads this, who would not rather be shaved in such a shop, and by a woman than to have a great lumbering man pawing about his jugular vein, and poking him in the ribs to get up when another man's turn came. I don't say how his wife might like it, but I am very sure *he* would; and as to *his* wife, why—she could shave some other man, couldn't she?

This Rebecca had a husband, and whether he allowed her twenty-five cents a week out of all the money she earned, and told her to spend it discreetly, I am not informed; but if he did, I will be willing to assert that so smart a woman had a pocket in her shaving apron where some of the sixpences fell in "by accident." This Rebecca Broom had a daughter too, who was a chip of the old block, or rather a straw of the old Broom and inherited her mother' faculty for business, and succeeded her at her death. There's two female barbers for you! and neither of them asked leave of Drs. "Bushnell" or "Todd" to step out of their "God-appointed woman's sphere" into a man's trade. It makes my blood curdle to think of it!

That is not all. I have got another "strongminded female" in my locker. When Aaron Burr was in exile in Hamburg, he, like any common moratl, fell a prey to that undignified and levelling complaint, the toothache. His biographer says that he was very gay under it, and even amused himself writing a ludicrous account of it. I shall have to take that on faith, for I never saw a sick man yet who didn't behave like an overgrown baby, or inspire everybody in the house to pray, either for his speedy recovery, or his early translation; but be that as it may, he found it necessary at last to have recourse to a dentist. He was directed to one, and upon entering was met—by a lady. It was Burr's fate always "to be met by a lady;" he couldn't help it, poor man; he didn't want to help it, what's more. Just at that particular time, however, he was preoccupied with his tooth, so he begged her "not to trouble herself," stating that he had come to have a tooth drawn.

"Very well, Monsieur, it is I who will do it for you."

"You, madam!" said Burr.

"Yes, I."

"But, really, is there strength in those little hands of yours?" asked the gallant, divided between twinges of love and toothache.

"You shall see, Monsieur."

Down sat Burr, and out came the tooth with dexteritw and celerity.

Of course Burr gave her a "ducat," and threw in—else Burr wouldn't have been Burr—a kiss! and he never said when he left the shop that she had "unsexed herself" drawing that tooth; and this was in 1809, before the *New York Tribune* and the *New York Times* foamed at the mouth when "Woman's Rights" broached.

I wonder if Drs. Todd and "Bushnell" would survive it, if I mentioned one more incident of the strong-minded kind, dating back to 1763. I'll venture. Benjamin Franklin, the great "penny" exemplar, had two nieces; and I state, for the benefit of the two gentlemen above-mentioned that these nieces were women who, with their mother, were quick and correct compositors in their father's printing-office; and it is also unnecessary for me to state, were intelligent and sensible women. I say "unnecessary to state," because it always appeared to me that anybody, male or female, who handled so much information as printers do, and after all turned out fools, were sure to be the worst kind of fools.

But the kernel of this nut is, that female compositors existed before Delmonico. I am aghast at the fact; my Sorosis bonnet has set awry on my head ever since I knew it. FANNY FERN.

One hundred and fifty Bishops, many of them from America, have arrived at Rome.

A London dispatch says the Sultan protest against the proclamation of the neutralitp of the Suez Canal by the Viceroy as an encroachment on his sovereignty.

Representation in Congress

Some Western papers are making sanguine estimates of the transfer of power to that section of the country, which is to be accomplished through the reapportionment of regresentation in Corgress on the basis of the coming census of 1870. It is claimed that the centre of political power, now reposing somewhere in the neighborhood of Columbus, Ohio, will then be moved westward to a point at or near Lafeyette, Indiana. These calculations given the Eastern States of the North eighty-six Representatives in all after the next census, and the Western, including the Pacific States, ninety-two or ninety-three. This would leave for the South but sixty-five members, in order to make up the total of 243, now allowed by law, whereas the South is now entitled to seventy-five, and the inclusion hereafter of all the colored population, instead of three-fifths of them, as heretofore, will certainly add to the representation of that section. It is plain, therefore, that there is a hitch in these calculations. Western figures in the matter of population are proverbially large, especially when they relate to the future, and are to be received with discrimination.

It is not to be denied, however, that as between the East and the West, there is a steady transfer of political power going on from the former to the latter. New England, which in 1840 had thirty-eight members of Congress, and now has twenty-seven, will, if the present total membership of the House is retained, be likely to be cut down to twenty-two or twenty-three. On the other hand, the Western States, which in 1840 had but thirty-two Representatives, now have seventy-five, and by the next apportionment will probably have nine or ten more. In other words, the West now precisely equals the South in political power, and, aside from the the negro vote, to be thtow all at once into the scale, will rapidly leave it behind. As to the effect of the colored vote in this connection it is difficult to make an accurate estimate on account of the great changes which war and emigration have made since 1860 in the population of the South. The best statisticians, however, have credited nine Republicans to this source. All these things tell against New England. We have long been prepared for it, though. Our power does not reside in numbers, and our numbers, are by no means confined to the area of our own soil. A great part of the West—and probably, in the future, of the South—is a good enough New England for our purposes. Our men are there, our culture is there, our ideas are there; and it is sometimes thought that all are energized and improved by the change. As to the local power and influence of New England upon the national destinies we have thus far no reason to complain, and, so far as we are aware, nothing to apprehend hereafter. We do trust, however, that the next basis of apportionment will be so modified as to leave the present representation of New England in Congress intact, because that, by bringing the total membership of the House up to nearly three hundred, would still keep it of good size for the transaction of business, would secure a more thorough and equitable representation of the whole country, and, though not affecting the proportion between New England and the other States, would be much more acceptable to our people than a reduction of our present representative force.

PYRAMID LAKE.—The peculiar rock formations, from which this lake derives its name, are remarkable even among the "Rockies." The principal pyramid towers above the lake to a height of more than 500 feet, presenting in its general out line a remarkably perfect pyramidal form. Close scrutiny shows portions of its sides to consist of volcanic tufa, which greatly resembles a vegetable growth of vast size. In color the pyramidal mounds vary with the vayring light. At some moments they convey the impression of a rich, warm, brown tint; at others the hue is a cool gray more nearly resembles the color which a close examination will prove to be the true one.

A visit to the largest pyramid developed the fact that it was occupied by tenants entirely capable of holding inviolate their prior right of possession against all human visitors. From every crevice there seemed to come a hiss. The rattling, too, was sharp and long continued. The whole rock was evidenily alive with rattlesnakes. In every party that ever ventured into a country infested by rattlesnakes are some men who derive great pleasure in killing every snake that may show its head or sound its rattle. A loud shout of "Snakes! rattlers!" brought out the band of exterminators; but such a number of snakes came upon the field that it was clearly beyond the power of our snake-haters to carry on the combat with any hope of final victory. They gave up, and abandoned the locality to the serpentine tribe, which will probably retain the ownership for a period of time indefinite and unlimited.

The water of Pyramid Lake is clear, sparkling, and very salt. It abounds in fish, among which are the *cowier*, a sprightly fish, having flesh the color of salmon, and quite as game. In weight this fish ranges from three to twenty pounds, and an occasional specimen rises to the fly that will scale quite twenty-five pounds. Besides the *cowier* there is an abundance of trout, not precisely the speckled beauties of the Lake Superior region; neither do they bear a very close resemblance to the sluggish, black, spotted treut of our more Southern States. It is a trout, nevertheless, which rises readily to the artificial fly, and is a pleasing morsel for the epicurean palate. Cooked in various styles known to the campers, this fish will compare favorably with its eastern brethern. Other varieties of the finny tribe of the Pyramid Lake; but these are the ones which will be most sought after by any courageous disciple of Izaak Walton, who leaves the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad where it strikes the Truckee, and who ventures down to its outlet in this curious lake.—T. R. DAVIS, in *Harper's Magazine for September.*

A Frenchman tested his wife's affection by jumping from a New York ferry-boat Saturday, and is now perfectly satisfied. Her affection stood the test without a murmur, and she said, "Let him go—he's an old fool."

A Scene at Court.

A writer in "Packard's Monthly" tells the following story of a scene to which he was witness during his presentation at the Court of Queen Victoria. It curiously illustrates the jealous regard the English show for established privileges:

Only one incident worth mentioning occurred during the ceremony of presentation. A young nobleman, whose family had not been at court since the accession of Her Majesty—a fine, tall fellow, of manly bearing, was presented towards the last. As his name, Lord George Alfred Connaught, was being announced, he passed Prince Albert and the young Princess and Prince in an apparently haughty manner, without removing his *chapeau*. They seemed enraged, but as it might be a mistake, arising from embarrassment in a young nobleman first approaching his sovereign, no notice was taken of the apparent rudeness. When he had reached the Queen, however, he uncovered his head, knelt gracefully before her, kissed the proffered hand, arose, thrust his *chapeau* in a postive manner upon his head, and turned to address Prince Albert—The latter drew back; his face flushed scarlet. It looked like an intended insult to the Princes Consort in the presence of the sovereign. A murmur of indignation ran through the throne room. The old Duke of Wellington, bending under the weight of 78 years, and covered with decorations, stepped forward to interfere. The Lord Chamerblain, however, was before him, and when just upon the point of arresting the offender, the Queen interposed, saying the words, "Right, right! Lord Connaught is right:" and then turning, explained the transaction to the Prince, the young nobleman meanwhile looking on. It was some time before this strange conduct was understood by most of those present; Lord Connaught, the only person whose head was covered, moving with great self-possession among bishops and chancellors, leaders of the Commons and dons of the universities, the observed of all observers. It seemed that, for personal services rendered to the king by a Lord Connaught in the reign of Henry VII., a right had been given by a patent in perpetuity to the head of the house in every succeeding generation, to remain with covered head in the presence of the ruling sovereign. This right had been in abeyance during the minority of the present Lord Connaught, and had been forgotten by all but the Queen. He had uncovered to her as a woman, but jealous of the inherited privilege, had resumed his *chaseau* upon rising, and continued to wear it afterwards.

THE WIDOWER'S WIFE.—Within, the widower found consolation, and this time the wife was young and pretty—that is to say, she was generally so esteemed, being white, plump, hard, and crisp as a turnip just pulled from the ground. She was selfish, indolent, pettish, with small intelligence and no reason—a white blind force. To be married was to be married; that was all she knew, except that it involved new dresses, a white veil, and some flowers. After that she entertained some vague notion that generous living and all sorts of holiday delights flowed perpetually in of themselves, and that she, at any rate, had only to stand and wait. Her ideas of marital felecity underwent, in company with her fatalistic yoke-fellow, a singularly sudden transformation, and she went blindly bumping about her house like a bat when the sunshine is all at once let in upon it. "Leander, I want this;" and "Leander, why don't you get me that? Mrs. So-and-so has it, and I want it and will have!" These and such like were her staple of conversation. Before long came threats. "I'll go back to my father; see if I don't! You might get me things like other folks! I always had sweet-cake at home! If you haven't got money, tell *them* to give you some! I'll have a blue satin dress and pearl earrings, or I'll go home to my fathers!" And her round white face would flounder among her pillows as she thus teased for half the night. And, sure enough, the threat got itself executed at last: and with a little white head, much like her own, rolling about on her shoulder, and a little bundle of blankets crushed in her arm, she one day took up line of march, leaving the cupboard bare.—ALICE CAREY, in *Harper's Magazine for September.*

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW.—This Magazine (the official organ of the Order) for November contains an excellent original story, entitled "The Death Plot:" together with an attractive variety of miscellaneous reading matter of general interest, and a vast amount of valuable information for the fraternity. It should be taken by every Odd Fellow. The American Odd Fellow will next year be greatly enlarged and improved, when the price will be $2.50 a year, or $1.25 a volume. Published by John W. Orr, No. 96 Nassua St., New York.

THE December "Riverside," in closing the volume, brings forward some of its old and favorite contributors. Mr. Herrick gives the frontispiece, "Wood Hauling,"—a picturesque scene familiar to country eyes; Hans Andersen tells a Danish story; the Editor completes his account of book-making by a description of binding, illustrated by eight sketches, and also tells a Christmas story. Miss Thomas has a thrilling account of some children who once were caught on a Mississippi floe of ice. The "Yo-Semite Fall" has a picture, and Mother Goose has four pretty vignettes. Hunting in South Africa is described by an old hunter; Sophie May, of Prudy fame, tells of her "Higgins Fright;" and an anonymous writer describes old-fashioned times in New England. Darley, the artist, illustrates some scenes frome Scott; and Harry Bolingbroke describes a mimic encounter in a duck pond. Finally, a "Christmas Carol" from the French, with an English translation, holds the last page; so that music is heard as Volume III. disappears, and all young eyes are Volume IV., of which an ample programme is given. Published by HURD AND HOUGHTON, New York. Subscription, $2.50.

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Agricultural Department.

CONDUCTED BY ALBERT CHAPMAN.

We would call the attention of our readers to the following letter from Mr. O. S. Bliss, of Georgia, Secretary of the Vermont Dairymen's Association, explaining the objects, and the means proposed to be used to accomplish them, &c., and published in the Burlington Free Press and Times of the 19th. It will readily be seen that great good may be accomplished if the Association is enabled to carry out the proposed programme. Whether they will be enabled to do so or not, will depend upon the assistance the officers received from the Dairymen of the States, and we hope Addison County will not be behind any county in the State, in the numbers or zeal of the members she will furnish for the Association.

Dairymen's Association

EDITORS FREE PRESS AND TIMES:

There seems to be some want of information in regard to the Vermont Dairymen's Association recently organized, if we may judge from the many inquiries on the subject. We, therefore, beg leave to make use of your columns once more to enunciate the principles upon which it is founded and the ends proposed to be attained.

It is demonstrable that Vermont dairy products, though bearing a *good* general reputation, are not as a whole strictly first-class, and do not return to the citizens of the State so much money, by many thousand dollars per annum, as they ought; that the product per cow is not so large as it might and ought to be; that the number of cows kept, as compared with the number of acres of tillage lands, is much too small; that the prevailing system of marketing the product is radically faulty, in there is not a proper discrimination between the several grades, and the better are made to compensate for the loss to the middle men on the poorer, which inevitably results from the system; that the supply of labor, specially of female labor, is inadequate to the wants of the State, imperiling the dairy interest of many towns, and that these and many other defects and evils of our system may be remedied by a proper diffusion of information among the people.

To investigate all these defects and evils, and propose practicable remedies, is the office of the Dairymen's Association. The manner in which it proposes to accomplish these purposes is to invite addresses from practical men who have investigated and experimented upon the several subjects until they have established certain facts and principals; to cause inquiries and investigations to be made and reported by committees appointed from among the members of the Association, and to compare experiences and elicit facts by discussions.

The constitution provides for a three days meeting, substantially upon the plan pursued in like meetings, under various names, in the other New England States, New York, Ohio and the Northwestern States, which meeting will probably be held during the third week of January next, at such place as may offer the greatest inducements in members, etc., etc.

The committee are not yet prepared to announce any programme for the first Winter meeting, but it may not be premature to announce that they have already made preliminary arrangements with Dr. George B. Loring of Salem, Massachusetts, President of the New England Agricultural Society, an accomplished speaker, one of the most, if not the most thoroughly competent man for that purpose in this country, to address the Association on the breeding and feeding of dairy stock. They have also made positive arrangement with X. A. Willard, A. M., of Herkimer County, N. Y., a practical dairyman who has given years of time to the investigation of the subject, both in this country and in Europe, under the auspices of the American Dairymen's Association, formerly the New York Cheese Makers' Association, and who is believed by the practical dairymen of New York and the West, to have added untold thousands to their wealth in the last six or eight years by his counsel and advice. They are also in correspondence with other gentlemen who will be engaged as fast as the accumulation of funds will warrant.

It may be proper to remark for the information of those parties who were not in attendance upon the Convention for the organization of the Association, that a majority of the officers were present and entered heartily into the spirit of the meeting, and are thoroughly in earnest in their endeavors to make the Association a success, and that its success is already fully guaranteed, altogether a large accession to the list of members is still desirable.

We repeat what we have said on a former occasion, that none should refrain from becoming members, fearing they may not be able to attend the meeting, as the constitution provides that the transactions shall be published and distributed to all the members, thus returning them a full consideration for the two dollars invested in membership.

O. S. BLISS, Georgia
Secretary, V. D. A.
Montpelier, Nov. 12th 1869.

Bread Loaf Inn, Nov. 22th, 1869

ALBERT CHAPMAN, ESQ.,—Dear Sir:—Like an old friend your name met me last night at the head of the Agricultural department in the REGISTER. Truly gratified I was to see this new department in our County paper, and that it was to be edited by you.

I have recently made experiments from two heifers to discover the amount of milk necessary for a pound of butter, with the following results: From my three-year old Alderney heifer Juno, we made at the rate of a pound of butter to 4 1-2 of milk. Juno was bred by J. G. Wellington Esq., of Middlebury. From my two year old heifer Flora, we made at the rate of a pound of butter to eight quarts of milk. Flora was bred by Rodman Chapman, Esq., of Vergennes, and is three-quarter blood Alderney. The butter from both cows was yellow without coloring matter, that from Juno the most so. Feed, hay, with six quarts of turnips a day.

Your article on "Pampered Stock" seemed to me timely, but I have got some valuable ideas recently from a new book, published by Zeigler, McCurdy & Co., Springfield, Mass., entitled "How to make the Farm Pay," that I am putting into practice. It advocates the cutting and steaming of food, as saving one-third of the fodder; also carding cows. The book is a very practical and evidently an honest work. It is not in all respects as comprehensive as it might be,—ought to give prices of farm implements that it advises using, and more financial statistics generally, but I know of no work that more earnestly stirs up the farmer to an active effort for a better, and hence more proffitable system of farming; and we believe that eventually its ideas will become universaly adopted by prosperous farmers as certainly so as that mowing machines and horse rakes have superseded the old fashioned scythes and hand rakes. Its facts too, experiments, and descriptions are valuable; every farmer could well afford to buy the book, and to have it always within his reach to refer to for advice.

Our winter on the Mountain has set in sharp; Snow covers the ground and cold covers the hills. I do not speak of the clouds, for they are fleeting like the sunshine. Yours Truly

JOSEPH BATTELL

As the per cent of butter from our friend's cow Juno is extraordinary, we would respectfully ask if the hay and turnips fed her were not cooked and seasoned by that queen of cooks Mrs. Woodbury; if so any one who has partaken of the bountiful cheer provided by mine host, and cooked with such superb skill by the cook of the Bread Loaf Inn will find a ready explanation of the large per cent of cream from the milk of Juno.

If we are not mistaken Juno calved early in the season, while Flora calved quite late, this would account for some of the difference in the richness of the milk, while the fact that a two-year old heifer with her first calf seldom gives as rich milk as after, would account for some more.

FOR A COUGH.—Roast a lemon without burning it. When entirely hot, squeeze the juice into a cup on three ounces of finely powdered sugar. Take a teaspoonful whenever you cough. It will scarcely ever fail to give relief.

"Look at the ragged hem of your dress my dear! why don't you bind it over?" said a thrifty mamma to her careless daughter. "I intend doing so, ma." "Then do it at once, or we shall have words." "On no mamma, dear," replied the young lady, "I promised to bind it over to keep the peace."

FLAX SEED SYRUP.—This excellent remedy for a cough is made thus: Boil one ounce of flax-seed in a quart of water for half an hour; strain, and add to the liquid the juice of two lemons and a half a pound of rock candy. If the cough is accompanied by weakness and a loss of appetite, add half an ounce of gum arabic. Set this to simmer for half an hour, stirring it occasionally. Take a wine-glass full when the cough is troublesome.

The London *Times*, in an article on the political situation is France, says the hope of a new Ministry under Olivier is dispatched, and the present advisers are to be retained until the meeting of the Chambers, when new men may be required to initiate the new relations between the Government and the Legislature.